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HYMN TO THE CREATOR ;

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

GOD! how richly art thou painted in
these vast heavens,
Thou whose traces we see every where !
How is it that thou hidest thyself from
our eyes,
But thou fillest the whole extent.
Man whom thou hast endowed with a part
of thyself,
How can he cease praising thee, in thy
works.
The sun is but an atom in comparison of
thee,
Thou guidest the stars by immutable
laws ;
But we see but thy shadow in contem-
plating the heavens ;
It is in the heart alone thou art really
found ;
Render the misuse of this heart worthy
of thyself ;
My song is incapable of grasping that
which is extreme ;
I quit the attempt, *I quit the theme.*

R.S.

ON THE MUSE.

GREAT sources of pleasure the Muse can
unfold,
Which can neither be purchased with
silver or gold.
Her demesne is immense ; no bounds can
contain
The space over which the sweet muse
holds her reign.
She has woods, she has lawns, rich vallies
and mountains,
She has serpentine rivers, lakes, and cool
fountains.
Unlike the *cross farmers* who always com-
plain,
Dry weather delights her as well as the
rain.
When the lightning gleams bright, and
loud roars the thunder,
She feels her heart beat with delight and
with wonder.
When the dark clouds retire, and the sun-
shine appears,
And nature looks smiling so soft through
her tears ;
Then the green earth all glittering so fresh
and so bright,
Fills the muse with emotion, and gentlest
delight.
Or e'en in dull days when the sky is be-
clouded,
She blesses the being whose glories are
shrouded,
From the weak eyes of mortals who could
not endure,
Long time to be dazzled with brilliance so
pure.

E.

SONNET TO HOPE.

HAIL lovely Hope ! with sweet delusive
smile,
Still dost thou say that soon my cares
shall end ;
And though thou cheat me with deceitful
wile
I'll love thee still ; thou art my only
friend.
Bereft of thee, ah ! whither should I bend
My weary way ; to what sequestered
isle ;
Bereft of thee, where should I find a
friend,
The tedious hours of sorrow to beguile.
Never sweet Hope withdraw thy cheering
ray,
But soothe with gentle voice my drooping
heart ;
Thy soft illusions to my breast impart,
And from thy suppliant drive despair a-
way ;
My woe-worn soul on thee shall ever stay
For thou canst blunt Affliction's keenest
dart.

E.C

THE SUMMERHOUSE.

WHOEVER admires the gilded dome,
The crowded street, the pageant view,
For pleasure need not hither come ;
This summerhouse, tis not for you.
But come, you swains, whose taste refin'd
Can nature's beauties still admire,
And if you're not to nature blind,
Sure nature here your breasts will fire.
No cornices these walls beight,
No paintings, gildings, here are found,
The walls bedecked with simplest white,
The roof with humblest thatch is crown'd.
Where'er you turn your longing eyes,
Unnumbered beauties meet your view,
The distant landscapes here arise,
The nearer scenes give pleasure too.
There, wood and water, hill and vale,
In sweet confusion seem to lie ;
And all their blended beauties tell,
Here reigns beloved variety.
The garden though 'tis dressed with art,
Will sure your breasts with pleasure fill,
Though taste shines forth in every part,
Nature though deck'd is nature still.
The gaudy may with jewels shine,
The diamond may their dress adorn,
I envy not the Indian mine,
Give me the rose, the scented thorn.
Give me yon polyanthus gay,
That sheds its odours all around,
Compared to yon sweet smelling pea,
The scents of India dead are found.